

Velvet Chain, Sour Times

Portishead:

G. barrow/b. gibbons/a. utely/l. schiffrin/h. borrrks/ o. turner

To pretend that one can find
Fantasies in morning rose
Forbidden fruit, hidden lies
Courtesies that I despise in me
Take a ride, take a shot now...

Cause nobody loves me, it's true
Not like you do...

Covered by the blind belief in
Fantasies of sinful screams
Bear the facts, assume the doubt
End the vows, no need to lie - enjoy
Take a ride, take a shot now...

Cause nobody loves me, it's true...
Not like you do...
Not like you do...

Oooooo, am I what am I

Cause all I have left
Is my memories of yesterday
Oooooo, sour times...

Cause nobody loves me, it's true...
Not like you do...
Nobody loves me, it's true...
Not like you do
Not like you do
Not like you do
Not like you do

After time the bitter taste
Of innocence disintegrates
Scattered seeds, buried lives
Histories that I despise revolve
Circumstance will decide...

Nobody loves me
It's true...
Not like you do...
Not like you do... (repeat)